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MISSIONARY LINK

FOR THE

Woman's Union Missionary Society of America

FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

VOL. 6. *JULY, 1875.* No. 10.

The good news of the safe arrival in Japan of the three missionaries who left us in March fill our hearts with fresh zeal for the work to which they have committed their hands. We welcome the first foreign messages from them, and from another of our new recruits in India, and trust many hearts will feel with them as they touch a work all untried, that strength will be given them as their day.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

REPORTS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES.

INDIA—Calcutta.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Brittan.

A WANT SUPPLIED.

In my last letter, I told you something of Dr. Thoburn's work here, and that he was trying to raise money to build a new church, or tabernacle, as he calls it. He wants it to be a plain, unpretending building, but large enough to accommodate the throngs that flock to hear him. At present his Sunday-evening service is held in the theatre, which seats about fifteen hundred people; but the

building is only made to be used in the cold season. When I was in America, I spoke of the great need there existed of having some one out here who, if such a thing were possible, belonging to no special denomination, might gather in the educated Babus. I feel as if Dr. Thoburn in a great measure supplied that need. He gathers in all classes and all denominations. The truly Evangelistic among the rich Europeans attend their own churches in the morning, but go to hear him in the evening.

EAST INDIA.

I found when I was at home if I spoke of an East Indian or Eurasian, hardly any one seemed to know what I meant, and will therefore explain. A great many years ago, when the English first took possession of this land, the communication between the two countries was only at lengthened intervals. British officers, soldiers, and civilians were sent out here to look after the country, remaining often twenty years. Some had sufficient manliness and courage to make native women their lawful wives. But when these Englishmen returned to their native land, they would leave the poor mother, with the children, to starve to death, without any assistance from them. Do you wonder then at the slow progress of the Gospel in India? These were called Christians who deserted their children in this way; while the heathen here will do their very utmost to aid even their most distant relative.

These children received the name of Anglo-Indians. In the course of a few years, there was a very large number scattered over India. Good schools were started for them that they might receive a Christian education. Among them are rich and poor, good and bad, educated and illiterate,—as in any other nation of the earth. No matter how much or how little of native blood they may have in them, they are all called East Indians.

For these people I have a most intense pity and sympathy. Some of the holiest of God's children I have met among them, and yet they hold a most anomalous position.

The longer I live in this country, the less I wonder that the religion of Jesus has not made more rapid progress. There is a very large body of people nominally Christians, and yet with little

power or knowledge of true, vital, experimental religion, who set a terrible example to the poor heathen around them. There are a few noble exceptions to all these things.

You will ask why it is that these people have so little religion? Very little has been done to win them to Christ. In the first generation, the parent, who was nominally a Christian, would not do much to teach his children the precepts of a pure and holy religion. Other English coming out here with the pride of birth, looked down upon and condemned them; so a barrier was built between the two races—pride on the one side and distrust on the other, and few, very few Christians have the moral courage to break it down. The first advice that is given to a young missionary on coming to the country is, "You must not take for your friends East Indians, for you will lose all influence and cease to be respected."

I know, there is scarcely a school or theological seminary here for the education of ministers of this class, while much is done for the natives. Bishop's College in Calcutta is the only one I know of, of any denomination, and during all the years I have been in India I have seen but two East Indian ministers.

Now here is a large class, powerful for good or evil, whose hearts few of our ministers have ever reached, but for whom Dr. Thoburn is doing a mighty work. In the few short weeks that I have been here, three or four have said to me, "He is the first minister to whom I could ever speak a word concerning my own feelings. I am sure he does not despise me because I am an East Indian. Oh, that God may bless him in his work."

If these hundreds and thousands of nominal Christians, knowing the language of the natives, their habits and customs, were only living, working Christians, what a power for good they would be among the heathen. Our Societies at home would soon be able to dispense with the necessity of sending missionaries, and might give their power to other lands. Archbishop Whately says: "That a missionary's principal endeavor should be to raise up workers from the people of the land, so as to make foreign aid unnecessary." Dear friends, we need that you should "pray without ceasing" for your missionaries, your substitutes in the vast

work of God, that we may have a "right judgment on all things," and that we may speak and act boldly, without the fear of man, which bringeth a snare.

THE LOW CASTE TEACHER.

I have been with Shorno to visit some of her houses. We have three teachers now of the same name; so to distinguished them we have to call them Big, Little, and Fair Shorno. She has been a teacher with us for more than seven years. When she first came to us she could do little more than just read and write a few words on her slate. Now she is one of our best teachers. In those days when we first went into a new zenana, there was scarcely a woman who could tell one letter from another. It is very different now. The Zenana Societies have had so many schools in various parts of the city, that now when we go into a fresh zenana, generally we find that those who want to learn have been already taught something, therefore they want teachers farther advanced. One great difficulty of our work is the want of good, efficient native teachers. We have a Normal School, where we give them one hour's instruction daily, yet they seem to advance very slowly.

Shorno has remained with us for a long time, and has improved vastly. She understands grammar and geography, and arithmetic well. At first the women did not like her to teach them, as she is of low caste, which is seen by a mark which she has on her forehead. It is a rule that those of that caste shall mark their infants so that it can never be obliterated. Her pupils now seem to have forgotten the difference of caste.

The first house to which I went with Shorno was that of a widow who was learning geography; we had also together a very interesting Bible lesson. The next house we went to, a little girl was learning, but a number of women were sitting around listening to the child, evidently very proud of her; and they might well be. She was apparently about nine years of age, and one of the brightest and sharpest little girls I have ever met. How much I should have liked to have placed her in a good school. I was very much pleased with Shorno's mode of teaching, and the kind feeling that existed between her and her pupils. When I go with any of

the native teachers, we rarely go to more than three houses in a day; as it will probably be a long time before I go around again, and I feel that I must give a message from God to each one. In the last house I visited with Shorno, there lived two widows. When little girls they were sent to the Beadon school, and afterwards their brother taught them at home, so in secular knowledge they are farther advanced than Shorno. These two women have started a school with over forty pupils, but they wish now that we should superintend it, and pay them each a salary. They are now to teach the children the Bible and the Catechism. I gave them a Bible lesson yesterday, and they seem to be bright, intelligent women. So our work advances. You see, Shorno has a very important work, and I think she is faithful to her trust. We try to make our teachers feel that they must not be eye-servants—that they are working for God, not for us. Pray that these teachers may be more and more taught of the Spirit of God.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Lathrop.

[Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.]

MISS CHASE.

As I go among the pupils of the late Miss Chase, I am more than ever convinced of her deep earnestness and capability as a laborer here. Her loss will be long felt by the zenana women, and by us. I wish we had an army of women of her spiritual power to send into these dark heathen homes.

NOT DETERRED BY DIFFICULTIES.

I have just outside the city limits a most interesting school; there are thirty-five names on the roll, and some are women with large families of children. Two weeks ago, one woman who had not been able to attend school for some time, came, bringing in her arms a tiny baby, while another boy followed close behind her. They all tell me they have their work to do, but try to find some spare hours to devote to their books. The teacher, who is patience itself, teaches them at an hour convenient to them, from nine to five or six in the evening. The one day in the week that I go they all assemble as nearly at twelve as possible. They are

reading together in the Bible and always have their lessons well prepared for me. The season for marriage has commenced, and last week I missed one of the brightest of the girls, and was told her wedding festivities were being celebrated. I do not know whether she will be able to attend school any longer ; but if not, she takes with her a good knowledge of the Truth necessary for salvation.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Ward.

A HAPPY RETROSPECT.

This is the beginning of our fifth year in India; after four years of work, although we have gathered but a few sheaves for the great harvest, yet I am thankful that my lot is cast where there is so much room to sow the seed which according to God's promise, must yield a plentiful harvest by and by. As I look around the Orphanage upon my family of nearly ninety children, and see here and there so many that have given themselves to the Saviour and are trying to work for Him, my heart feels full of joy. These dear children must be a great power for good among the zenana women in after years. One of our girls, Anna, was married in the holidays, and we hope she will act as interpreter. She is well fitted for work, and is an earnest Christian. We still continue to hear good accounts from Leah, who was married some six or eight months ago.

A CHILD SACRIFICED TO CASTE.

Miss Lathrop and I now live at the Orphanage, dividing our time between school and zenana work. I so love to be among the women once more. One of the little girls in the Sunday-school was married last night. She is the daughter of the woman in whose house I have the prayer-meeting. Last Sunday, when the mother told me about it, I spoke to her of how wrong it was to marry her child to a Hindoo, because she knew that she would grow up to believe and do just as her husband wished. She said, "Yes, I know it ; but her father will have it so." The girl is growing so large that her caste will be broken if she is not soon married. It is her father's wish and therefore it must be done.

Shoshie is a wild, untamed little child, but she will soon be kept in order by her mother-in-law. Some one remarked that India was the mother-in-law's paradise, as she rules supreme.

INFLUENCE OF ORPHAN GIRLS.

Zenana teaching is just about the same as it has been. Some receive the Word gladly, while with others there is great opposition. There are several children in one house, and I shall make an effort to bring some of them into the Sunday-school, as it is not very far away. The large orphan girls who have classes there have much more influence over the little ones than I have, as they understand and speak the colloquial better than I can. I feel more and more that the training of our orphan girls is most important, and that the future of zenana work is to depend much on them.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Seelye, M.D.

[Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.]

SALE OF BIBLES AND HYMN-BOOKS.

Some of the native wallahs, or peddlers, have begun to sell Bibles and hymn-books in the streets. It is really quite a novel feature, and I was so astonished, the other day, when a man ran after my carriage, shouting, "Have Bible? have hymn-book?" that I could not resist putting out my hand and taking a hymn-book, to see if it were really such. Either the demand for these good books must have increased, or else it is because a book-store in the city having lately failed and sold off its stock very cheaply, the merchants have been induced to buy, with the hope of finding custom and making profit.

REASONING AGAINST IDOL-WORSHIP.

The other day I was called to see a native woman, the daughter of a finely-educated man, who holds a high position under the Government. I found the little woman sitting with her father and reading the morning paper. It was one of the prettiest domestic sights I had ever seen, for it is by no means common. They both arose as I entered and invited me to sit down native fashion. There was no chair in the room at the time, and the Bo said, "You

know, when you go into a Bengali house, you must do as the Bengali does." The invitation was very plain, but I did not care to avail myself of it, until the men had left the room, and so remained standing a while longer. At this, a bright little girl about four years of age, began dancing about the room, singing, "The lady, the lady, she does not know how to sit down." Suddenly she stopped, and turning to me said, "Lady, have you any children?" Not wishing to give a direct answer to her question, I said, "You are one of my little girls, are you not?" She ran away saying, "The lady tells a story, the lady tells a story; I am not her little girl." She was a great talker for her age, for the children of this country are generally very modest and shy of strangers. When she came to me so readily, putting her head on my shoulder and stroking my hand as I sat there, I said, "Are you not afraid?" "Afraid? I do not know what fear is." At which the older ones laughed and said, "Very true." She evidently was a spoiled child.

Afterward when left alone with the Bo, I seated myself on the rug by her side and she felt more at ease. "Now take off your sun-hat," she began; "you look better without it than with it." She was quite ready for a little gossip, but not wishing to pass the precious time in that way, I broke in abruptly by saying, "It always seems strange to me, Bo, that one so well educated as yourself can remain a Hindoo. I cannot understand how you can make and buy these little images and bow down and worship them when you know they are inferior to yourself. You know there is only one true God, and it is only right to worship Him. He has told us it is a great sin to worship any thing else." "Yes," she replied, "of course there is only one God, but these images help to keep Him in mind and so they are of benefit." "Bo, you love your father very much?" "Yes." "He is away from home much of the time?" "Yes." "When he is away do you hold up an image before you and love that just because you cannot see your father?" "Yes," she added with a tone of triumph, "that is just what I do. You see I have his photograph, and every time I look at it, it produces a feeling of love and reverence in my heart for my father." "Very well! You love that picture because

you know it is a likeness of your father. Now I will take this picture from my pocket and hold it up before you. I tell you to love it and call it your father, can you do it?" "No, it is not my father." "So you think your father would like you to be loving this in his stead?" "No!" "You have seen your father, and knowing the photograph to be a correct likeness, you love to look at it. No one has seen God, and therefore no one can make a likeness of Him. To make any thing else and call it God is wrong, and just as much of a lie as for me to hold up this picture and tell you it is your father. Do you not believe we have a soul within our bodies, a something that will live after these bodies die?" "Yes!" "We cannot see those souls, although we know they are there. So we cannot now see God, although we know He lives. We must worship Him in faith, and not seek to make images of Him when it cannot be done." It was a very interesting conversation, and she seemed so convinced of the truth and so thoughtful when I came away, that I was much pleased.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL CLOSED.

It has seemed best to close the Children's Hospital for the present, as the expenses were necessarily great and the number of children small. The house rent amounted to a great deal each month, and we could not induce the native women to leave their children with us, as we had hoped. The lease of the house having expired with the close of last year, and it being impossible to lease it again unless we took it for three years, it seemed best not to reopen it for the present, but rather to devote to something else the time and money spent on it. Ladies have just been sent out from England to take charge of the Hospitals here, and they will be able to make better accommodations for children, so that there does not seem to be the necessity for ours that there was. We shall, however, continue the Dispensary in the mornings, holding it in the lower part of our own house.

A STRANGE RIDE.

This morning I was called to see a patient in the house of a very wealthy native where I had never been before. It is in the heart of the native part of the city, and as I passed through their

main business street on my way to it, I could not help laying aside the paper I was reading, to observe for a time humanity as it was there visible, in a long narrow street, where heavily-laden carts drawn by bullocks, and gharries filled with Babus, continually jostled each other. Occasionally a white face was to be seen, but very rarely. Along each side of the street, just beyond a foul-smelling ditch, stretched rows of native shops, with all their wares exposed to the view of passers-by. Several of these shops were filled with sandals, such as the native men and women wear in the house, and then came a shop of native sweets, such as are made of milk, glue, cocoanut, rice, sugar, etc., etc., each kind being separated in little pyramids, and made as tempting to beholders as native skill could arrange them. Next was a shop where a man sat in a doorway making a bright-colored chuddah, and just beyond were two or three similar dry-goods shops. But where one man was working, five or six were idly leaning about, smoking and gossiping. In the midst of the very narrow side-walk, sat a woman of the lowest caste in the sun, combing her hair; she evidently had been bathing at some near tank. The odor of the glue greeted us strongly. Black earthen kettles were simmering over fires, and while some were busy placing more kindling-wood beneath, others lifted up from inside curiously-shaped, greasy-looking cakes, which are a great delicacy with the natives. In a farther corner, from a bed of hot ashes a man was bringing large brown wafers, or what is known here as chappaties, and placing them in front, ready for the first purchasers. Then came the stables and places where the hired gharries are kept. On these, on low cots, were stretched the drivers, taking their noonday nap, but covered as they are when thus sleeping, their entire body wrapped in one long piece of white cloth, they always look to me like so many dead men, laid out for interment. Sometimes they really quite startle me, especially when there is much sickness about. Then we passed the silk weavers, long benches of red and yellow rich threads hanging up in the door-way. One man was busy spinning, and two or three were holding their toes and looking on. In the next shop they were making tinsel ornaments for decorating their idols and their own garments. Next was a booth, with the most delicious fruits

arranged on trays. This is only half the story, for above these shops live women whose history would be too sad to relate. The place is noted for its iniquity, and occasionally a haggard face making its appearance in the verandah above, justified what you have heard. We left the main road and turned into a lane just wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other. One horse only was able to enter, and there we stopped. We looked out of the window to ascertain the cause and found that a cart in front of us blocked the way. A stream of vehicles came toward us in endless procession. We took up our paper and read awhile, and then looking at the time grew impatient. A police officer came riding along on a handsome white horse, and after making desperate efforts to pass, gave it up, and called to a native policeman to come and hold his horse. "Will he bite?" the man asked, and after being assured that he would not, he held it while the other dismounted and made his way to the cart in front. What arguments he used I know not, but the result was, that we were soon moving on!

A LARGE HOUSEHOLD.

We reached the house, and entering the large open doorway, I asked a stout Babu who stood there and seemed to be the master of the house, if that was where I had been sent for, to see one of the ladies who was ill. "Possibly," he said; "I cannot say certainly, but it is possible. If you go in there (pointing to an inner court) Babu will be able to tell you." Going as directed, I saw at the end of a long verandah a Babu stouter even than the other, but much fairer. Going towards him, I saw in a little apartment at one side, a gray-haired priest saying his prayers and performing his poojahs for the family. As this old Babu advanced to meet me, I put to him the same question as I had to the other. "Yes," said he, "this is the right house, but I cannot tell you where to find the one who is ill. If you will go upstairs, Babu will direct you." So upstairs I went, and there in an upper balcony around this same court sat another stout Babu, like the others almost devoid of clothing, but having a massive gold chain that hung from his neck. He was having his head shampooed, but slowly rose as I came in and informed me that it was his aunt

who was ill, but as the servant had not brought back my message saying I was coming at that hour, they were not expecting me. His aunt was upstairs and he would send a servant to call her, if I would wait or walk up. I hastily made my way to the floor above, glad to be nearer the women's apartments, which it seemed more difficult than usual to reach. I was shown into a little corner room opening on to this inner court; here was placed a solitary chair, which I occupied. The Babu to whom I had just been speaking, followed, and desired to make known to me the nature of his aunt's illness, and then he brought another man, whom he introduced as her husband. "You must excuse the delay," he said, "but the patient is coming; you can see her now on the roof of that house." "Your house is very large," I said; "how many people are there in it?" "You know it is our custom for families to live together; we are a hundred, including servants." Just then two women made their appearance, and conducted me to an adjoining bed-room, which was handsomely furnished. The bed was made on the floor after the native fashion; but there was a couch, a sofa, and several pieces of English furniture. The walls were painted and covered with cheap engravings in handsome frames, but everything was clean and neat. One of the women was the old mother-in-law, the head of the house, and had a very pleasant, intelligent face and sweet voice. She was dressed in a white saree of soft native silk, with no color, as she was a widow. The other had on a saree of white muslin with a scarlet border; she was very shy and so afraid of me she could scarcely speak. Two others afterwards made their appearance. They were wives of brothers, and were more talkative. They could all read, but had been taught by their husbands. No lady had ever been in their house before. When I asked them what they read, they replied, "Only Bengali books; we know no English." "Have you read the history of Bengal?" "No." "Do you read story books?" "No, our husbands will not allow that." "Then what do you read?" "Oh! the history of our gods and the tales about them." "Then," I said, "you have never heard that there is but one true God, and that it is wrong to worship idols?" Oh! they knew of course that there was but one God, but they worshiped idols because

their ancestors had done so, and because it was right. They did not care to heed the message I had for them, and if I had nothing more to say concerning their health, they would retire from the room. Approach the subject as cautiously or as earnestly as I might, they would not stop to listen, and so at last I took out the Gospel of Matthew, the only Bengali book I had with me, and handed it to them, with the request that they would read it, and think of me. They smiled, and would not touch it. One of them curiously took it up and turned over a few leaves, but quickly put it down again, as though the touch might contaminate her. It is homes like these that make one's heart ache.

Quite a different story I heard the other day, and from a heathen woman too, which makes the evidence all the stronger. She told me of a widow who lived in the village, and who once had resided in this city, where she learned to know and believe in the one true God. "Now," she said, "she will never do poojah, but sits reading the Bible all the day long, and seems so happy. I often go, to sit and talk with her."

Extracts of Letters from Mrs. Page.

TAUGHT BY THE SPIRIT.

Last week we went quite out of town to a small school of women and children. I call this my "family school," for they all learn together. I cannot arrange it otherwise, because some of the girls go away for three or four months at a time, to their husbands' houses, and others having hard work to do at certain seasons of the year cannot come regularly. These pupils of mine are all poor; their parents are fishermen, tobacconists, and day laborers. One little girl is often away from school because she has to sell the fish her father brings from some neighboring tank. Another has a tiny pair of the blackest hands I ever saw, for she has been helping her mother prepare the tobacco for sale, and her dress is consequently redolent with perfumes—not of Arabia. I have to be more of a mother than a teacher to these children, and I wish you could have a glimpse of the bright, unsophisticated faces that sometimes cluster around me.

One day I asked a little girl, "Does God always know everything about us?" You should have seen the earnest look in her large black eyes as she replied, "Oh, yes, even if we should hide in a dense jungle, He would know just exactly where to find us; He would not have to search at all, for He can see in darkness as well as in light. And not only that, but He could tell every thought of our heart, and know whether the love we profess to have for Him is inside of our hearts, or on our lips merely." Another time they were asked, "Who made this watch?" Some very little ones answered, "God;" but just then a child who before had been silent called out, "Man made it, but he would never have had the sense, and the skill to make it, if God had not given him wisdom." Afterwards, when they had repeated the catechism, and gone through a chapter of Barth's Bible Stories, I asked the women what offering they thought would be most acceptable to God? A bright young Bo answered, "Our hearts, because everything else must follow the surrender of that!"

"THESE PEOPLE MUST BE GODS."

Last Thursday I had to wait for some of my pupils; they were having their breakfast, and requested me to take a seat till they had finished. But I found my Bo's mother-in-law, a white-haired woman, bent almost double with age, crouching down at the door of her own special idol-house, and I thought it was best to speak to her then and there, as such an opportunity might never come to me again. So I began a conversation with the old lady: first of all, many inquiries about her health; then I said, "Why are you afraid to speak to me? I wish you well, I am sure, and you ought to know that by this time." "Oh, yes," replied she, "but this is the hour when I perform my poojah, and I must not neglect the gods,—they will be angry with me." "Never!" I rejoined; "they would not know anything about it! Hands have they, and handle not; feet, and walk not; ears, but hear not; eyes have they, yet never behold anything. Such gods can neither punish nor reward you in any way." "Oh, mother," almost screamed the old woman, "don't speak slightingly of the gods!" And then she added, as if deliberating within herself, "After all, are they not

gods themselves? They have made the railway cars that carry one in a few hours across tracts of country that it would have taken a fortnight to traverse in former times. They have invented the telegraph wires, that carry letters by magic; they have brought pure water into the city by innumerable channels; and last of all they have even dared to throw an iron bridge across the bosom of our holy mother Gunga! these people must indeed be gods!" I waited until her excitement had cooled down a little, and then said, "When a carpenter is going to make any thing, what does he use?" "Tools," she readily answered. "Who guides these tools?" "The carpenter." "Who planes and shapes all?" "The carpenter." "Then," said I, "remember that we are only instruments in God's hands, and that He is gracious enough to make use of us. He is the wise Master-builder: to Him be glory and praise for ever and ever." My aged friend stared at me in blank amazement. "Why do you say such things to me?" she exclaimed at last. "I am very old and will soon die; let me die as I have lived." "No, indeed, I want you to die ever so much better than you have lived." Since then, I am told she does not ring her little bell as usual when she is performing poojah, "for fear the lady should hear it and be grieved." I trust a better day is dawning for the women in this house, as both my pupils there read the Bible very intelligently, and seem persuaded of its truth. Oh, if some of these good, sensible women would only take a step forward, they would stir Calcutta to its very depths, and carry numbers along with them! Pray for them, that among the multitude whom no man can number, we may one day behold many of these dusky faces which we love so well.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Woodward.

A NEW WORK.

When I look back and view the way in which He who doeth all things well hath brought me in health and safety to my present pleasant home and wide field of labor, my heart bounds with gratitude. My first visit to a Hindoo home was with Miss Hatchell. Since then I have my regular work, with an excellent

interpreter, which is a great comfort to me. She is a good Christian woman, and I can rely upon a truthful rendering of what I tell her. God has blessed me much in giving me the love and attention of both my women and children. A consciousness of His presence and help in my work were very weak at first. He permitted me to know how much strength He could give. The first case of interest is that of the husband of a little Bo of eleven years. Her mother-in-law stood by listening all the time. On questioning her on the first chapter of Genesis, her husband said in Bengali she was very young and could not remember so much. I at once told him that I would not overtax her, and the thought impressed me that there was a work to be done in both their hearts. On my second visit the Babu was present as before. They are not allowed to remain, but I did not know it at the time. He showed an earnest desire for the truth, and had a Bengali Bible, but his mother-in-law had locked it up and would not let him read it. I asked him, if I should bring him one if he would read it. "Yes," he answered, "and I want an English one." Several times he reminded me of it, and the last words I heard as I descended the dark stair-case, was, "Don't forget the Bible." It was a sacred charge and came with power from that heathen home. Two weeks elapsed before I could take the Word of God on account of heathen celebrations. My heart was made more sad than it had been joyous, for his mother-in-law would not let him have it. I stood a moment in prayerful thought, then told her God had sent me to tell her about Jesus and to give the Babu the Bible, and He was looking down upon us now. She seemed impressed with a sense of God's power, and said she would let him have the book if her husband would. She tried to make the old heathen relent, but in vain, and we have to leave that soul struggling for light with Him who alone can dispel the darkness. Besides my zenana work I have two classes on the Sabbath, besides rich church privileges which I greatly enjoy.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Harriss.

ATTEMPTS FOR THE YOUNG.

A few weeks ago a Babu offered us a room in his house for a school, and I was deputed to take it. On telling him that we charged nothing for teaching, but the children would have to buy their books, he inquired: "What is your object? Why do you teach them gratis?" I replied: "Because we teach them our religion, and we show them the way to Heaven, and tell them about Jesus, who died for them." His reply was: "Our religions are almost, if not quite, alike. I am a Brahmin and believe in God. I respect Jesus as a man, but not as God." He would not hear what I said, but added, "I will get you as many pupils as possible, for we have no objection to your teaching the Christian religion, as we can give them our opinion afterwards, as we do to our own wives when they receive instruction from Christian ladies." "But, Babu, you must not interfere with the children in our school," I could not refrain from saying. "No, certainly not. I will only look after my own children; but I hope you will instruct a long time before they like your religion." "I hope you are wrong, for we shall do our best to lead them to rejoice in the Saviour as soon as possible," I returned.

This was said in good humor, and we parted very good friends. The children are listening very attentively to the Bible lesson, and I trust will soon see the delusions they are under in questioning the Divinity of Christ. They are young and their hearts are tender and more likely to receive the seed than those who for years have been trained to mistake the false religion for the true. It is a very agreeable thought that while I am sowing the seed you are watering it with your prayers. This helps us greatly, and I am sure the work is progressing.

ALLAHABAD.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Hook.

RETURNING HOME.

I shall be obliged to return home before another hot season. I feel that it is not wise to disregard the advice of my physicians, and have taken my passage in the steamer sailing from Bombay, April 12th. When I think of my native land and all the loved ones there, I am most impatient; but I have many ties here to sunder, and to leave the work in which I have so much hope and interest, is not an easy matter. Everything is progressing, and the progress of the children in the school is good. The first class have finished the preparatory books, and are now studying the Bible with the "Berean Leaves." You would be surprised, could you see how great a knowledge some of them have of the Bible.

We are happy in being able to announce Miss Hook's safe arrival in her native land, June 17th. Her health has so greatly improved during her successive voyages that she begins already to anticipate a return to her chosen field of labor, where she accomplished so much for the Master, and where she has left so many hearts who long for her love and stimulus. Miss Caddy writes: "We all miss dear Miss Hook very much, she was always so good and gentle, and made a very happy home for us, with a true home feeling about it." Let all of us, who have loved our dear missionary's name and work, pray fervently that God will grant her the rich blessing of health.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Roderick.

VISITS IN THE KUTRA.

I now go to Kutra twice a week, and teach in four houses. One Bo has forsaken idolatry and truly believes in Christ, and consequently has a great deal to bear from her relatives. Miss Brittan accompanied me when she was here, and asked her if she

would like to make an open profession of her faith ; but she was unwilling to do so, because she has two sons living with her, and it would break up the house for them, if she should leave and publicly show the world that she was a Christian. To this Miss Brittan suggested that perhaps her decision would induce them to accept Christianity, and thus be the means of saving their souls. She thought differently, and wished them to be married before she decided upon anything for herself. I have two Bos in my second house. One is an indolent, heedless woman, who cares for nothing but needle-work, and is even too lazy to do that well. I have frequently to drill her in her lessons, though she is sufficiently advanced to learn them without assistance. I hope the influence of the other Bo in the house may change her in time, for she is just the opposite, except that being more advanced in years, she has less capacity for learning than the younger. She is far from lazy, and shows great interest in the Bible lesson.

IGNORANCE OF PRIESTS.

I promised to write you about a Brahmin priest whom I frequently meet on my visits to the zenanas. He usually sits under a tree in a niche made in a wall. I at last had an opportunity of offering him the "Peep of Day" in Hindi, but he politely refused it, because he could not read. Just think of a priest not knowing how to read in his own language.

SACRIFICE FOR SINS.

To-day, in a zenana, I met a woman who looked very sad, but when she saw I noticed her, she came forward and spoke very pleasantly. I offered to teach her to read, but she declined, remarking that she was too old to learn, and had nearly lost her eyesight mourning for her only son, who had died a short time ago. The Hindus take every calamity as a punishment for their sins, and this poor woman is going to Benares, one of the sacred cities of the Hindu, to spend her life there as a sacrifice for her guilt, and, as she thinks, to be nearer God than in any other place. I spoke to her of the great atonement, and of the peace that God gives to those who believe in Christ. To all that I said, she an-

swered, "Can the Vedas and Shastras be false?" This is only one case among hundreds who give up everything for a life of suffering, hoping thereby to gain heaven.

A SAD FEAST.

Yesterday the Hindus celebrated their Pooja, named Holy. Do not think that this name has any connection with the English word similarly spelt, for it is a purely Bengali word, and is the name of a goddess, in honor of whom the Hindus are allowed two days in the year, the liberty of engaging in any sort of vice without being pronounced guilty by their gods. The women are excluded from these privileges, but must endure the vices in their husbands.

THE MALA.

The Mala, or annual bathing of the Hindus in the junction of the rivers Ganges and Jumna, begins in December, and lasts over six weeks. On certain days it is very largely attended. My visit was on one of these days, when the place was crowded with people who hoped by their visit and dipping in the river, to be made free of that which Christ's blood alone can cleanse. The rich natives rode to the place in carriages, others on camels, and a few in palanquins. The poorer classes walked, and all looked happy, chatting and laughing with each other on the way to the river, each carrying in their hands a brass vessel, to take away with them some of the sacred water.

Some of us walked to the river's edge, which was a mile distant from the bank. We first came to a number of Brahmins sitting in a semi-circle around a cloth spread with sweetmeats, parched rice, and pieces of money thrown by the people on their way to the river.

These Brahmins were, like the generality of the people, covered with dust and paint. They played on guitar-shaped instruments, in order to attract the people to them. The next thing that drew our attention was a boy lying flat on the ground with his face buried in the sand. This is the way these people try to work out their salvation. The grounds were laid out with shops of different kinds, and the managers seemed to carry on a brisk trade

with the people. I had heard of Brahmins allowing their hands to remain in one position until they grew stiff and useless, but I had never seen any before my visit to the Mala. There was one man there who had both his hands placed above his head. I do not know if he were an impostor, for his hands were covered with bright orange-colored cloths, the same color as his dress, which was a long coat reaching to the knees. He had a lugubrious face and a shaved head. These things all seem too dreadful to be true, and all we can do is to work in patience, praying God that in His own good time they may know the only true way of salvation.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Anthony.

FEELING REGARDING CASTE.

I had heard that all the women who read with us are obliged, on our leaving the house, to bathe themselves and change their sarees, as having touched us they were so much defiled that they could not eat without first bathing, and thought I would question my pupils about it. The first woman said she had bathed twice a day, just before her meals. The next Bo said that that was what they ought to do if they followed out the wishes of the old women in the house.

One Bo has a boy about four years of age, who is a very mischievous little fellow. While she was taking her lesson he ran into the verandah where we were sitting, eating a piece of bread, which he had snatched from the servant, and showed it to her in high glee as his own exploit. The Bo could not let the little boy approach her, drawing her saree close around her so that he would not even touch that. Her look of mingled disgust and alarm were so comical that I could not help laughing at her. I believe she made him wash in Ganges water before he could come near her. It seems ridiculous, too, for the servant, though of a lower caste, is the one that brings the water, and consequently must touch it. He has the cleaning of all the cooking utensils, yet the little boy was defiled because he took a piece of bread from his hand.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Smith.

OPPOSITION OF MOTHERS.

Some time ago I wrote to you about the bride I taught last year. She went to Benares on a visit to her father, and when she returned, I found she had forgotten all she knew. She is apt to be a little lazy, but her mother-in-law is urging her on, and very often asks me if the Bo is progressing. The mothers are not now so opposed to education for women, because many Babus object to marry a girl who has not been to school or learned at home. There are many still who are very superstitious. One day Miss Caddy and I went to a house to ask the Babu to let his little girl come to our school. He was not at home, but the Bo asked us to sit down. This civility made the mother-in-law very indignant. She said "she did not want ladies to come to her house; she had done without learning, and she did not see why the Bo could not do without it."

DREAD OF CONVERSION.

In one of my houses an old woman came to me and said she would like to have me teach her to read. It is very rarely that old women read with us, for they are afraid that we will convert them, not understanding that we have no power to change their hearts. This woman is a homeless widow. The Bo gives her shelter and food, and she, in return, cooks for the family. Last month she went to the Mala to bathe in the Ganges and shave her head. She believes that the water of that sacred river has washed away her sins. The first time I asked her to listen to the Bible lesson, she put up her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, do not tell me about Jesus Christ; I am old; let me die in the religion I have been brought up to believe." I told her she was sadly mistaken; her religion was false, and the gods she worshiped were no gods. Once in a while she would say, "Oh, do not speak so; do not tell me all my prayers are nothing." She read with me only two weeks, and then left off. When I asked the Bo why this was, she only said, "You wanted her to believe in Jesus Christ." I intend to try and persuade her to come to me again.

JAPAN—Yokohama.

Extracts of Letters from MRS. PRUYN.

RETURN HOME.

April 22.—As you have been aware, I have been absent from home, striving to grow stronger after my recent illness. The trip has not eradicated the malarious affection from which I have suffered; yet I am stronger, and feel better prepared for the arduous work which the spring brings. I enjoyed my visits in several places as much as very cold weather and my weakness would permit. I had hoped to write something of interest concerning Kioto and Nagasaki, but when I returned home, I found one of our dear little girls lying at the very point of death. She had fallen from a swing, which caused inflammation of the brain and convulsions. For many days our missionaries had been in great distress, and were all very much worn with watching and caring for her. God mercifully spared us the great trial of a death from such a cause, and she is now slowly recovering.

Our house is now filled to its utmost capacity. We have fifty-two children in the house, and in the school between seventy-five and eighty. We are forced once more to decide if we shall enlarge our accommodations, or stand still. We can only pray for Divine guidance on a point so important.

Extracts of Letters from MRS. BENTON.

IN SCHOOL.

I have eight classes in reading, for five of which I prepare translations; the number of girls in these classes is forty-three. Besides this, I have a class of thirteen in arithmetic, and give a chart exercise to all in school. Of course I try to do all I can for the spiritual good of our scholars and servants, and as I meet Japanese who come to me for various things, I try to sow seed for eternity. But it seems as nothing when we think what ought to be accomplished. Pressing applications are constantly coming to us, and we long for space for very distressing cases of need, which are sure to come.

JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT.

Miss Crosby sends us a letter from some of our pupils in Japan, from which we make a few extracts.

May 21—My Dear Friends—I have not yet seen you, but I have heard of you from our dear teachers. I thank you that, pitying us who are so far away, you have sent much money for our education in this school.

From ancient times in Japan, there were no special schools for women, and they did not know anything, but during their whole lives they were slaves to the men and did not know another true religion and happy way. Therefore, their minds being darkened, and believing in many bewildering doctrines, they served false gods and worshipped idols.

But now we are thankful that, being led by the mercy of God, we have come to this school, and through the kindness and love of these teachers, have first heard of the true and living God, who made heaven and earth and all things, and who dwells in Heaven. He beheld and pitied the suffering condition of man in sin, and sent His only Son Jesus Christ, who descended to a low estate in His deep pity and love, for which I am truly thankful. We are glad to believe the Gospel, and, repenting of our former sins, have been baptized and received Jesus Christ the Saviour, and trusting everything to Him, and with love following Him, hope to have eternal life and glory in Heaven. We are thankful now to be in this Christian Home, with dear teachers, friends and sisters through the grace of God being always blessed and happy. It is always our hope, with stronger faith and love, to walk in the straight and holy way and never to go in wandering paths. So with peaceful and humble hearts we hope to leave this world without fear, and go to Heaven and meet you by the side of the "pure river." Please always remember us in your prayers, and we will remember you.

Sai O'Yama.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Colburn.

ARRIVAL IN JAPAN.

April 23.—After a rather rough and stormy passage we are resting in the pleasant Home in Japan. We are enjoying the society of the dear Christian workers here, and the many novelties which present themselves to our wondering eyes in this foreign land. On our arrival we learned that the steamer for Shanghai would leave in a few hours. We decided to remain until the next departure, which will be next week Wednesday. Mrs. Pruyn would not consent to our leaving sooner, as we needed the rest after our voyage, and were anxious to spend a Sabbath in Japan and observe the operations of a work which has been so blessed in its results.

You will rejoice at our prosperous journey thus far. Our Heavenly Father has guided us across the pathless waters, and we are now eight thousand miles from New York, in this beautiful "Home," to which we were so warmly welcomed. We realize with deepest gratitude the goodness of our loving Father. It is cheering to know that the prayers of so many follow us. It nerves us with courage and inspires faith and hope as we go on to meet the difficulties in our path. Surely "He who doeth all things well" will lead and guide us. All "our trust is in Him."

Extracts of Letters from Miss Maltby.

We reached Yokohama in a heavy rain. Friends met us at the steamer in a small boat, half a mile from shore. When we reached land we were hurried into a "baby carriage" or Jinriksha drawn by a Japanese, and so drove to my new home, where we received a cordial welcome. The "Home" is indeed delightful and attractive, both in the interior and exterior. My gratitude to my heavenly Father for His care and preservation from all the dangers of the great deep, is very great, and now I desire to enter upon my new duties with a sense of my utter weakness, and my need of dependence upon God, who alone can give me the grace, wisdom, and direction that I shall so much need. I daily pray that I may be faithful and diligent, and may sow seed which will bear fruit unto eternal life.

Reports from Bible-Readers and Schools.

CHINA—Shanghai.

Report communicated by Mrs. Farnham.

We are once more fairly at work, and our hands are pretty full. We have three day-schools, two boarding-schools, and a class for women. Three days in the week these are all in operation, and our work never seemed more hopeful than it does now. Our neighbors have all been taught a great deal of Christian truth, and what we so much need and long for is, that God's spirit may be poured out, and really convert them. I am very much interested in the women's class. It is composed of women in poor and moderate circumstances, who come for two hours, three days in the week. We give them sewing, and while at work, read and explain, either the Bible or some appropriate book; a part of the time being devoted to teaching them the Catechism. One of the oldest girls, who is now a teacher and a matron, is a great help to me in this work; she can make them understand so much better than I can. I often wish I could be a child for awhile and learn their language correctly. Some of the women are really interested, or appear to be, and you would be amused and pleased if you could hear their exclamations about some truth that is being read. "Oh, that is very good," "That is certainly right," and such-like expressions. They are certainly learning a great deal of the Truth. Oh, that God would pour out His spirit, and give them to feel a sense of sin!

Ah-Sin, the girl that was selected for you, has grown a great deal during our absence, and is behaving very well. She is a member of the church, and will soon be able to teach a school, if the means are forthcoming, and it is thought best that she should do so. But she, as well as some others of her class, need more study, and seem desirous to perfect themselves. Before leaving for America I wrote to Mrs. L., of Albany, speaking of Ling Tson, that being the name of the girl we selected for her; but I have never heard from her since. Ling-Tson is doing very well, and is proving to be a much better girl than I ever supposed she would.

She is really kind-hearted, and, I trust, is a true Christian. Both our boys' and girls' schools are doing very well, and a good spirit seems to pervade them. The girl I spoke of who helps me in the class, and who is matron of the girls' school, is a lovely character; I think I have never met one in whom so many of the Christian graces abound.

I suppose you may not have heard of Way-Ling's death. You will remember that Way-Ling was the scholar supported by a Sabbath-school in Syracuse, N. Y. She died of consumption while we were in America. She had always been a quiet, good girl, and died trusting in Christ. Though we have not heard anything from the school, I trust they are not weary in well-doing, but that they still feel like doing all they can to help in teaching their little brothers and sisters in China. If, as we trust, Way-Ling is saved and happy in Heaven, is it not a joy to them to think they had a part in leading her to Christ? And do they not want another child whom they can support, and for whom they can pray? I have in my mind now a very bright little girl called Ah-ma; she has not been in school very long, but I am very much pleased with her, and I do not know of one that I should be more glad to select for them.

SHANGHAI.

Extracts of Letters from Mrs. Thomson.

[Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.]

I have a boarding-school in the house of twenty-six girls, and one of sixteen boys, separated from our grounds by a stream of water. Of course there are teachers, colporteurs, catechists, deacons and all sorts of employees coming from time to time, and each one requiring more or less time and attention. I mention these things to give you some idea of how many things come upon us daily in caring for the churches, the schools, and the poor.

I have just had to stop to entertain three Chinese ladies, and think you will be interested in hearing of them. One of the ladies is the wife of our deacon, Rev. Woo-Hoong-Mok, and is a most earnest Christian; the other two she introduced as persons from a place

about 130 miles distant. The deacon's wife asked me if I did not recognize the younger one. On my saying I did not, she told me that she was the woman I had visited one day a few weeks or months ago at our Hospital. She was then quite insane, and was chained to the bedstead, with her long hair uncombed, and having all the appearance of a raving maniac. She gradually recovered, and has since been living in our deacon's family (who have faithfully instructed her) with her sister-in-law, who accompanied her to Shanghai. To-day she seemed entirely well, and she and her sister-in-law are about to return to their native place, and will carry the seeds of Divine truth with them, for they have both become believers in Jesus since their stay here. This is one of similar cases that we have had in our Hospital.

At present our schools are dismissed, it being the season of the Chinese New Year. This year it comes on the sixth of February. News of the Emperor's death having been received just a few days before, everything like the usual merriment was interfered with. There was little or no visiting, no dressing in fine clothes, no fire-crackers fired off, no musical instruments heard, and the effect of all this was most striking to us. Sunday, the day after New Year's day, I walked to our city church with Mr. Thomson, and we were struck with the very Sunday-like appearance that everything wore. The stores were all closed, no business was being carried on, and it seemed as if Shanghai had suddenly resolved to keep the fourth Commandment.

Some of the orders relating to the imperial mourning are very curious. The Mandarins may not shave their heads for the period of one hundred days, nor may they marry within a year, from the time of the Emperor's death. The people are not to shave for twenty-seven days. The two physicians who attended the Emperor, not having been successful in effecting his cure from the small-pox, have been degraded, and their titles or honors are taken away. At this season of the year the news from the capital is obtained through couriers who ride over-land on fleet horses. We had news of the Emperor's death in thirteen days after it occurred, the distance being about the same as from New York to Savannah. These couriers arriving at the Yang-tse river at Chin-Kiang, their dispatches

are conveyed by one of the Hankow steamers. The Chinese New Year having interfered with the river travel for a week or more, we are without reliable information.

The Bible-reader supported by the Lambertville Auxiliary has continued her work of visiting families in and around Hong-que, where our Presbyter, Rev. Mr. Wong, has his parish. She has been under his supervision for the most part, as her home is too far from here for me to overlook her. I will ask pastor Wong to write out for me some report of her labors and will try to send it to you at an early day. There is great difficulty in obtaining really efficient Bible-readers, but we hope a goodly number are now being trained for that in our mission's schools. We have one who is the joy of our hearts, and does her work with all earnestness; she was formerly a pupil in our own and afterwards in another of the mission schools.

INDIA—Chittoor.

Report of Bible-reader, com. by Mrs. Jared Scudder.

Feb. 10.—The opening of the new year brings with it our Bible-reader's report for the past twelve months. I have kept an accurate account of the number of persons she has visited, and find that she has made eight hundred and forty-seven visits to thirty-two Christian houses, and eight hundred visits to fifty-five heathen dwellings. She has conversed upon the subject of religion with one thousand nine hundred and seventy-six persons, whom she has met in the fields and on the streets. I am sure no one will think our Reader has been idle from the figures before us. I feel that precious seed is being sown, and though the harvest is not abundant, yet I think it is encouraging. Perhaps in the last great day we shall find that some souls have been saved through this instrumentality, of whom we are now ignorant. This thought occurred to me very forcibly while reading a little incident in her journal.

Our Reader writes : " One day I went to a heathen village, and an old woman came to me, and said that her daughter was seriously ill and wished to see me. The girl was about seventeen years old, and I had spoken to her on religious subjects several

times. As soon as she saw me she smiled and asked me to sit down. I found her very ill and weak. I said to her, 'Perhaps you may not live. Are you afraid to die?' She replied, 'I believe with all my heart in the one true God of whom you have so often told me. I believe I shall go to Him, therefore I am not afraid to die.' She then asked me to read to her. During the reading her brother made a noise outside, and she called to him and begged that he would keep quiet while she was listening to the Word of God. A few days after I went to see her, but found that she had died three days before. I was anxious to say a few comforting words to the parents, and for this purpose entered the house. In the middle of the room were placed a few cocoanuts and plantains, and some native sweetmeats. I asked what they were, and they said, 'For the departed spirit to feed upon.' I said, 'Your daughter needs nothing to nourish her spirit, her soul is immortal.' But they would not listen to my reasoning. Will you not agree with me in thinking that we have some grounds for hoping that this poor soul was saved?" How many similar instances there may be, none can tell.

EGYPT—Cairo.

[Communicated by Mrs. Lansing to Philadelphia Branch.]

WERDY, THE BLIND BIBLE-READER.

It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the interesting and important work of Werdy in this great and needy city. With the exception of a month last summer, when, feeling the need of a little relaxation from labor during the intense heat, she visited her native town at Osione on the Nile, she has faithfully and diligently prosecuted her duties of visiting from house to house, and teaching the women to read. She generally has about thirty pupils at a time, and gives from fifteen to twenty lessons a day. She also is most happy in her explanations of the passages read, and thus communicates much valuable truth in these humble visits. In going about with her since my return, I have been greatly delighted with the progress of her pupils, and the interest generally manifested

in her, and her messages of love. She is doing a most excellent work. She loves it, and therefore devotes all her time to it, excepting on Saturday, when she does the necessary work of the week; and although blind, has such an idea of neatness and order, that few native women, with the full use of their eyes can compare with her. Besides having under her care pupils of the medium and lowest classes, she has quite a number of the higher class. All of these receive from her lips from day to day the story of the Cross, and we trust that through the instrumentality which you are thus employing, much good may result.

A PARSEE DINNER.

At the invitation of the master of the house, we went to see his wife and family, and to our surprise found a table set for dinner, English fashion. First of all, we went through the ceremony of being introduced to every member of the family. It was such a pretty sight, for they were all dressed in satin and lace, all in bright colors, and the boys wore little caps embroidered with gold and silver. The children ranged themselves round the room, standing against the wall, and I made the Parsee tell the ladies why I had come among them. At the mention of the Bible, one of them got a large book which she laid on my knees, telling me that this was their Bible. I asked her whether she would not like to read our English Bible, and she said she did not know English. I said I would teach her and as many of the others as would like to learn. Some of them looked pleased, and said they would be very glad. We talked a little longer, and then sat down to dinner, only the Parsee dining with us. His apology for the ladies was, that "Parsee ladies don't eat the same as English ladies." Some of them, therefore, remained seated, whilst others received the dishes from the servants and set them before us. After dessert the eldest daughter went away, and came back in a little while, bearing a silver tray, with silver vessels and a good many other things upon it. The first thing she did was to dip her finger in a vase of red paste, and make a mark with it on each of our foreheads, bowing to us as she did so. Then she gave to each of us a bouquet of roses, and sprinkled our hands with rose water, and presented us with a cocoa-nut each.

Home Department.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Society was held in the Lecture-room of the South Reformed Church, New York, April 21.

The opening exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Rogers. Addresses delivered by Rev. Stuart N. Dodge, of the mission in Syria, and Rev. Dr. J. Chamberlain, from the mission in Southern India.

Mr. Dodge gave a very interesting account of his visit to our various Homes in Calcutta, Allahabad, China, and Japan. He spoke of the great respect in which all our ladies were held, the benefit of a Christian Home, and the impression daily growing upon the minds of the natives that the position of woman in that land was a wrong one and incompatible with the development of a home ; the benefits that would result from more intercourse among the members of their households and a more social manner of partaking of their meals. Mr. Dodge said that it should be esteemed a privilege to be engaged in such a noble work ; that it needed the choicest instruments intellectually and spiritually, physically and mentally, with tact and skill in winning souls, and he rejoiced that this Society was in this respect so well represented. He also read an extract from a letter from the American Consul in Calcutta, giving his testimony to the importance of home work, and his firm conviction that the religious education of the mother was essential to the enlightenment of the heathen world.

Dr. Chamberlain then introduced himself as connected with a mission in which our Society was interested, in supporting several girls in the Female Seminary at Chittoor, and also a Bible-reader who was proving herself worthy of her name, which was, when

translated, "The Lamp of Wisdom." In speaking of the various methods employed to interest the heathen, Dr. Chamberlain mentioned singing as peculiarly adapted to attract them, and gave as an incident the result of a little boy's singing in the streets of Mudnapilly the hymn, "Jesus loves me, this I know," translated into the Telugu language. It had not only attracted the attention of those passing by, leading them to stop and listen, but had induced several to seek for a Bible, that they might search the truth for themselves. Little books and tracts sold for a small sum had also been the means of great good. In one village, after talking sometime, Dr. Chamberlain had been asked, "How long have your people known these truths?" When told, they replied, "Why did you not come to tell us before?" This, he said, was a difficult question to answer, and although we could not be called to account for the sins of our ancestors, we should have to answer for our own neglect. May we not be found wanting.—J. A.

Address of an Unconverted Brahmin.

Communicated by Dr. CHAMBERLAIN.

At the close of the lecture, which was attentively listened to by an audience of one hundred and eighty, composed of Brahmins, merchants, artisans, officials, and students, as I took my hat to come away, a Brahmin, one of the best educated in the place, arose and politely asked permission to say a word. I of course politely assented, without the slightest idea what his purpose was. In a neat address of ten or fifteen minutes, couched in choice and ornate language, and with apt illustrations, he urged upon his fellow-citizens to second in every way the efforts I was making for their intellectual and moral advancement. I will give you briefly the substance of one part:

"Behold that mango tree on yonder roadside. Its fruit is fast approaching to ripeness. Bears it that fruit for itself or its own profit? From the moment the first ripe fruits turn their yellow sides towards the morning sun, until the last mango is pelted off, it is assailed with showers of sticks and stones from boys and men, and every passer-by, until it stands bereft of leaves, with

branches knocked off and bleeding from many a broken twig. Piles of stones underneath, and clubs and sticks lodged in its boughs, are the only trophies of its joyous crop of fruit. Is it discouraged? does it cease to bear fruit? does it say, if I am barren, nobody will pelt me, and I shall live in peace? Not at all; the next season the budding leaves, the beauteous flowers, the tender fruit again appear. Again it is pelted and broken and wounded, but it goes on bearing, and children's children pelt its branches and enjoy its fruits.

"That is a type of these missionaries; I have watched them well and seen what they are. What do they come to this country for? What tempts them to leave their parents, friends, and country, and come to this, to them, unhealthy climate? Is it for gain or profit? Some of us country clerks in government offices receive more salary than they! Is it for the sake of an easy life? See how they work, and then tell me. No! They seek, like the mango tree, to bear fruit for the benefit of others, and that though treated with contumely and abuse from those they are benefiting.

"Now look at this missionary. He came here a few years ago, leaving all and seeking only our good. He was met with cold looks and suspicious glances, and shunned and avoided and maligned. He sought to talk with us of what he told us was the matter of most importance in heaven or earth, and we would not listen. Was he discouraged? He started a Dispensary, and we said, 'Let the Pariahs' take his medicines, we won't;' but in the times of sickness and distress, we had to go to him, and he healed us. We complained if he walked through our Brahmin streets, but when our wives and daughters were sick and in anguish we went and begged him to come even into our inner apartments, and he came, and our daughters and wives now smile upon us in health. Has he made any money by it? Even the cost of the medicines has not been returned to him! And now in spite of our opposition, he has bought this site and built this beautiful room, and furnished it with the choicest of lore in many languages, put into it newspapers and periodicals which were inaccessible to us before, —he has placed here tables to write on, chairs to sit on, and lamps for us to read by. And what does he get for all this? Does he

make money by it? Why, we don't even pay for the lamp oil consumed night by night as we read. Now what is it makes him do all this for us? It is his Bible. I have looked into it a good deal at one time and another in the different languages I know; it is just the same in all languages. The Bible—there is nothing to compare with it in all our sacred books, for goodness and purity and holiness and love, and for motives of actions. Where did the English-speaking people get all their intelligence, and energy, and cleverness, and power? It is their Bible that gives it to them. And now they bring it to us and say, 'This is what raised us, take it and rise yourselves.' They do not force it upon us as the Mohammedans used to their Koran, but they bring it in love, and translate it into our language, and lay it before us and say, 'Look at it, read it, examine it, and see if it is not good.' Of one thing I am convinced: Do what we will, oppose it as we may, it is the Christian Bible that will sooner or later work the regeneration of this land."

Persecuted, yet not Forsaken.

In December a young man, by caste a Brahmin, after having been for some time an inquirer, submitted to Christ and testified his faith by receiving baptism. He was excluded from the house of his mother, but afterwards attempts were made by his relatives to get possession of him. On one occasion he was carried off in a carriage, with many assurances that he would be allowed liberty; but even in the carriage the *janvè*, or sacred string, was thrust upon him, and a mark made upon his forehead. Reaching the house he saw a number of Brahmins collected there; seeing that mischief was intended, he seized his opportunity, made his escape, and fled. His relatives pursued him through the streets, raising the cry of "stop thief," but he managed to reach a place where he had the protection of Christian friends. Last Saturday evening he was on his way to a fellowship meeting in Camatipoora, when he was suddenly seized by two or three men, who had a buggy at hand, and by the application of something of an anesthetic nature to his breath, he lost his consciousness. When he

recovered his senses he found himself in a room on the third story of a house, with a barred window looking on a gully. There his relatives, on Sunday, did their utmost to make him return to heathenism; they bound him and beat him severely; but he persistently refused to deny the Lord Jesus Christ. At length he told them to bring the *panchagavya*, or usual atonement, consisting of the five products of the cow. While they were gone he managed with his teeth to free his arms from the cords with which they had been bound, to break some of the wooden bars of the window, and by means of the cords to lower himself half way down to the ground, from whence he let himself fall to the ground. He was rather badly hurt by the fall, but managed to make his escape. His mind was still confused from the effects of what had been administered to him the previous evening, and it was a long time before he managed to make his way to the house of the native Christian brother with whom he had been staying, and who had been the means of his conversion. On both occasions prayer had been offered for him in the church meeting; and on each occasion, returning from the meeting, the brethren found him at home. This is by no means the full extent of the persecution he has undergone during these two months, but will suffice to give an idea of the spirit that actuates his former co-religionists.—*Bombay Guardian.*

"The Fight Fought."

Almost all of our friends remember well our dear and promising missionary, Mrs. Starr, who left us for our Peking Mission in 1870. Her field of usefulness was only changed when she removed to Ningpo and became Mrs. Lord. Her recent death fills us with grief, for her relations with us have always been surrounded with affection and trust. From a private letter we make a few extracts:

"We are all in great grief and sadness over the death of our dear friend, Mrs. Lord, who passed away on Friday, the 27th of February. We cannot doubt our departed friend is forever with

Him she so faithfully served on earth. Dr. Lord wrote in his last letter that his wife never had any pain from first to last.

"Last summer I found her school quite a model, her knowledge of the language very good, and her meetings for prayer with the women never omitted, although suffering from slight chills and general weakness.

"Gradually weakness increased, and she has left us forever. Mrs. Lord was of a most energetic nature, deeply pious, with a high sense of duty, and taxed herself beyond her strength. Her frame was simply worn out. Ever bright and cheerful, no one seemed to think of her system giving way."

Another friend writes: "'She was pure gold like unto clear glass.' One could read her character in a few hours. This year was a very unhealthy one at Ningpo, and the chills and fever first took hold upon the delicate frame, till there was no strength to battle for life. All this time, except the last few weeks, she was hard at work with the school and classes for women, and, with a new language, it was too much for her, and she could not be persuaded to spare herself. Surely the missionaries have lost a highly valued friend."

Cunning Needle-Work.

"I so often think of that little item that is mentioned in the Bible. Those that could do embroidery and cunning needle-work were commended of God, when those talents (for they are put down there as talents) were used to aid in the construction of the tabernacle of God. And do you think our heavenly Father will commend us any the less, if we use these same powers, or gifts for the purpose of building up a temple of living stone? For, strange as it may seem, this fancy-work is a very essential part of our Mission work. Thus you at home, and we here, are all laboring to prepare something for the Master's service and praise."

Miss Brittan.

"ENTERED INTO REST

MAY 10, 1875,

Charlotte Suydam Doremus."

THUS simply but expressively was recorded the close of the earthly life of this beloved daughter, sister, friend, and Christian worker. A rest how precious! "Absent from the body, but present with the Lord." Through four weary years she had borne the heavy cross of weakness and suffering, which often well-nigh crushed the body of this flesh to the dust; but never crushed from her soul its loyalty to her God and Saviour. With an exalted sense of what every Christian owes to her Lord, and with a heart of tender sympathy and fertile in expedients, and with a rare ability to execute what her heart devised, she early in life gave herself to works of charity for the afflicted and the needy, and from her sick room still found numberless ways to minister to their relief. The very atmosphere of her room seemed fragrant with Christian love and faith, and many a heart has been stimulated there to address itself to the work of life, with a new courage and a more untiring steadfastness. For such a life, with all its inspirations, we thank God. The memory of it is blessed.

Though never connected with this Society in any official capacity, from its organization she accomplished in her retirement such labor for it as cannot be estimated. When in her sick-room, deprived of the privileges of health and active life, she still longed to do something for Christ, and voluntarily assumed what she could there do; and, though often in great bodily weakness, performed her part with conscientious fidelity and promptness. On our missionaries the tidings of her death will fall as a personal loss, and eternity can alone reveal to the children and Bible-readers of our various stations all that they owe to her efforts and prayers. For our loss our hearts almost refuse to be comforted; for her gain we rejoice, and adoringly bow before Him whose presence and Spirit can so adorn and sanctify our human life.—C. A. R.

Mission-Band Department.

A Little Preacher.

One of our little girls has been acting the part of "little preacher" in the school. That was the name the children gave her a long time ago, because she could tell the Bible stories so well; and now that she has given her heart to Jesus, she tells them better than ever. In the children's little prayer-meeting, which is conducted and kept up by those who are Christians in the school, Nina takes a prominent part. She is always ready to sing and pray for Jesus; and the fluency with which she expresses herself is quite remarkable in one so young. She has a small class in a heathen Sunday-school, that she loves very much. Our missionaries are always glad to take her out, as she speaks so beautifully about Christ, and teaches so faithfully. She thinks zenana work is hers even now, and looks forward to the time when she can give her whole life to it. When we think of her as she first came among us, and remember the little round shaved head, and how we wondered if the child had sense for anything but fun and mischief—and when we look at her now, the earnest little worker for Christ, we are ready to exclaim, Truly, God works miracles in our day, and we feel thankful to Him that He has allowed us to gather a few sheaves. G. WARD.

What a Dollar Will Do.

To a little correspondent, Mrs. Pruyn writes, May 20th: "If I could talk to you now, how much I could tell you of this country, the people, and especially of our houseful of dear young girls and little children. Our dear Father was very good to give us such a pleasant home, and more than all, sent so much for us to do, in teaching and caring for the "little ones," that I never could feel sorry for one moment that I came, and I am constantly praying that He will send more teachers and plenty of money, so that we can have a larger Home and do more for Jesus. You ask me what *one* dollar will do in our work. Well, it will do a great many things. It will pay for about six meals for a child, or it will get a new dress for one of the little girls. But I have thought of one thing that perhaps you might like to have your dollar spent for. I like to have all our children's pictures taken, both because I am keeping in that way a history of all our scholars, and because I like to send to those who support them here a picture that will show them how Japanese children look. Now, would you not like to pay for eight such pictures, as we get them for one dollar and a half, which, we think, very cheap?"

Kite-Day in China.

Kite-day in China, writes a traveler, occurs on the ninth day of the ninth moon, when the inhabitants of the cities go out upon the hills and spend the day in flying kites. Sometimes thirty or forty thouand people are assembled together on one hill, where they engage all day in this beautiful amusement. All classes take part in it, we believe, from the em-

peror down to the actor. All manner of birds, insects, and fish are represented by these gay kites. On a fine day, when the air is full of them, the effect is very pleasing. Some are adorned with the heads of dragons and tigers. The spectator sees in the air what appears to be an immense bird or group of hawks. The Chinese show great skill in keeping half a dozen paper kites going on one string.

A Missionary Mark.

A poor slave-girl loved Jesus, and she loved Him so that she wanted to help send the gospel to tell the poor heathen about this Jesus, who lived and died for them as well as for her. "What *can* me do?" she asked; not "What can *me*, a poor slave-girl, who has nothing to call my own, do?" as if she could do nothing; but, "What *can* me do?" showing that a real hearty will can possibly find a way. Before getting to her cabin the way was found. She had a few chickens which she called her own. Taking one of the finest and fattest of her flock, she tied a piece of red flannel to its leg, and gave it to the Lord.

"Sissy," she said to the chicken, "dis is de missionary mark. Now you 's a missionary chicken, 'member dat. All of your eggs, dey's missionary. All of your pullets, dey's missionary too. Now go 'bout your business."

Are our dear Christian children doing as much as this poor girl? Is the missionary mark on any of their things? They have ribbons, and trimmings, and feathers, and flowers, but where is the missionary mark? They have toys, and books, and pictures, and purses, but where is the missionary mark? God has highly blessed you. Freely you have received, freely give. Remember the poor heathen. Remember the poor in our own land. There are crowds of children in need, crying to you for

help. A lady from the South writes: "Give me books, cards, and instruction. I can do good, and thank God for it, if I have books. I say *give*, for we have no money to buy with. I have just formed a Sabbath-school of eighty scholars. Some of the children come thirteen miles. Men sit upon the floor. Tears, prayers, and blessings were poured upon me."

And this is only one case. Children, put a missionary mark on your *wants*, and see how many of them you can give up in order to help the destitute ones who are crying for the bread of life.—*Child's Paper.*

A Namesake's Letter

Miss Ward writes to "Mission Gleaners" Band, in Syracuse, N. Y.:

"Mary says in her letter she is trying to be a good girl, and, indeed, she succeeds. I have not had occasion to reprove her but once, and that was three or four months ago, when, tried by one of the other children, she became angry; but her repentance was sincere, and she has since fought bravely against the sin.

"She is a good scholar in Bengali, but it is difficult for her to learn English. She likes to receive letters from you, and thinks often of you all. The children are always glad to hear from their mammas away off in America. They call all lady teachers and friends, mamma—a Bengali custom. We know that your prayers for our dear Mary help us much in training her, and for your comfort, let me tell you, she gives promise of great usefulness.

"'Dear Mamma: I am in the American Mission School, and Miss Ward teaches us. You will be glad to know that I am trying to be a good girl, and Jesus helps me. I have a nice class of little girls in a Hindoo Sunday-school, and I like to

teach them. One little girl died, but she said she saw a happy place. I loved her very much. I send my love and thanks to you all for taking care of me. Your affectionate child,

"'MARY E. ADAMS."

Without God and Without Hope.

We publish the two following extracts from India papers, that our readers may still remember how much is to be done, that the dark places of the earth may be made light with the Gospel of Christ:

The *Lucknow Times* last week gave an account of a case of *suttee* which occurred in Oudh early this month (April, 1875). Khera, a small hamlet 14 miles south of Sundeela, was the place, and Belassee, the widow of a Brahmin, was the person. She was encouraged and assisted by her relatives, even if they did not instigate the deed, and the village authorities made but slight attempts to prevent it. After the usual ceremonies of bathing, anointing, and adorning, in lack of wood, a large pile of dried dung was heaped up, and in it the woman sat with the corpse of her husband in her lap; straw, ghee, and other materials were added to the funeral pyre; she herself applied the flame handed her by her nephew, and in a short time all was over. Suffocation doubtless ensued very quickly, but it was about three hours before the whole was reduced to ashes. All the relatives of the victim and the authorities of the village have been arrested, and will doubtless be dealt with in a manner to deter others from similar barbarities.

How differently such an occurrence is looked at now from what it would have been fifty years ago. What was then a cherished religious practice fostered most diligently by the Brahmins and extensively in vogue, has become an infrequent crime, punishable by law and almost universally condemned. From such things we can see what Christian influence has already done for this land.

Who can doubt that it is destined to do very much more? Who can refuse to help on the good work by all means in his power.

Suttee was performed recently in a village of the Azimgurh district. A Kulwar, who had a great reputation as a strict Hindoo, died, leaving a young widow and one child. The widow first tried to starve herself and the child, but finding this process too slow, or too open to observation, she secretly accumulated a great heap of straw and wood, placed a charpoy on the heap, lay down with her infant in her arms, and set fire to the straw. No one appears to have had the faintest intimation of the wretched woman's purpose. The Superintendent of Police was on the spot in a few hours, and set on foot a strict inquiry, the result of which was that the woman was ascertained to have acted entirely without the knowledge of any one ; indeed it was shown to be impossible that she could have had any aid, as she had no friends in the village. From the husband's character for fanaticism it is conjectured that she may have been acting on some expressed wish of his.—*Pioneer.*

MISSION BOXES.

We gratefully acknowledge from the Mission Band "Helping Hand," per Mrs. E. S. West, boxes of articles for Mrs. Pruyn's "Home," in Japan, and the "Child's Hopital," in Calcutta, containing the following articles: New calico suits, aprons, wrappers, patchwork, dolls, white cotton sheetings, handkerchiefs, pictures, books.

Also from the "Light Bearers" Band, Brooklyn, N. Y., a quantity of patchwork.

Also from the W. U. M. Society, of Cavalry Church, Newark, N. J., per Miss Helen E. Burnett, a box for the "Orphanage," in Calcutta, containing the following articles: 5 dolls, 13 dresees, 2 straw hats, 11 yards of calico, 1 crepe shawl, 2 yards of muslin, worsteds and mottoes, worsted samplers, slate pencils, fancy basket, scrap-book, pincushion, books and pictures.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. S. C. Kelsey, by "North Star" Mission Band, Le Roy, N. Y.
Mrs. P. H. Bixby, by " " " " " "
Mrs. Thane Miller, by Mrs. Keziah Emory, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mrs. Keziah Emory, " "
Robert W. Tailer. Jr., by collection of Miss S. J. Lee, N. Y. City.
Mrs. C. H. Van Dyne, by Mrs. Prescott and friends, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. E. S. Dulin, by teachers and pupils of Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.
Mrs. Mary Mitchel, Orange, Mass.
Mrs. F. H. Trowbridge, by "Epiphany Memorial" Mission Band, Brooklyn, L. I.
Miss Abby B. Nichols, by "Star of Bethlehem" Mission Band, Fairfield, Conn.

NEW LIFE MEMBER BY THE KENTUCKY BRANCH.

Miss Lepha N. Clarke, by Emily Ringgold Memorial," and Kentucky College Mission Band, per Wm. Tulley, Kentucky.

NEW MISSION BANDS.

"Willing Workers," Port Henry, N. Y., Mrs. Frederick F. Judd.
"Johnson" Band, New York, Miss Helen Barney, Treas.

RECEIPTS *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, from April 1st to June 1st,* 1875.

Branch Societies & Mission Bands.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Boston Br., Mrs. Henry Johnson, Treas. (see items below)...$393 87

CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield, "Star of Bethlehem Band," Miss Emma D. Knapp, Sec.....$50 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, "Ladies' Mission Soc. of Ross St. Pres. Church" for the support of "Angie B. Pomeroy," per Mrs. H. D. Beman..... 60 00
"Zenana Band" of South Pres. Church, Miss E. Burke, Treas...110 00
"Epiphany Memorial" of Christ Church, per Mrs. F.H.Trowbridge for "Myra" in Calcutta, and to cons. MRS. F. H. TROWBRIDGE Life Member..... 60 00
"B. C. Cutler Band," per Miss H. C. Peet..... 89 25
"Clinton Ave. Zenana Band," Miss Lucy M. Spelman, Sec., for support of Miss Caddy 200 00
"Light Bearers," Church of the Pilgrims, to cons. MISS CARRIE A. GREEN, MRS. WATSON B. DICKERMAN and MRS. CHAS. A. STERLING, Life Members, Mrs. Chas.A. Sterling, Treas.....168 75
Canandaigua, "Pruyn Mission Band," through Miss Mary A. Hayes.... 14 50
New York, "Infant Department of Miss. S. S. 120," Robert D. Barkley, Treas., for the support of "Laura Graham" in Dehra..... 40 00
"De Witt Band." per Mrs. Dr. Ormiston, of which for "Mary Richardson," Calcutta, 40..... 60 00
"Johnson Band," per Mrs. Z. S. Ely, Miss Helen Barney, Treas. 27 13
Syracuse, "Clifton Springs Band," per Mrs. Robt. Townsend, viz.: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lansing, 5, Mr. J. Rice, 5, Miss M. Warriner, 2.50..... 12 50
Mrs. Chas. Lansing, per Mrs. R. Townsend, for "Ah-Sin."..... 20 00
West Troy, "South Ref. Church S. S," Mr. Daniel W. Campbell, Treas., for support of "Brotto.". 75 00

$937 13

NEW JERSEY.

Cranford, "Cranford Band," Mrs. Mary A. Stewart, Treas., for 1874. 35 00
Elizabeth, "St. John's Ch," per Mrs. E. K. Pardee..... 75 50
Newark, "Fanny Meeker Band," High St. Church, for support of "Ito," in Mrs. Pruyn's school, Japan, per Miss E. D. McIlvaine..... 46 40
Scotch Plains, "Helping Hands Miss. Band," per Miss E. S. Coles, for Mah-Kin in Maulmain..... 35 00
Trenton, "St. Michael's S. S," per Mrs. H. Buttolph..... 20 00

$211 90

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Philadelphia Br. Mrs. Charles B. Keen, Treas. For "Werdy Ahteeya," Bible-reader, in Cairo, Egypt, $96 gold, premium, 14 64.....110 64
Lambertville, Aux. for Bible-reader at Shanghai, 64, for "Alice Brittan," Japan. 69, for "Emma Wetherill," Calcutta 50, for "Widow's Home," Calcutta, 33..... 216 00
For "Elizabeth J. Lea,"..... 30 00
For Mrs. Watson's school..... 50 00
For "Orphanage" at Calcutta..... 5 75
For "Sarah Covell," Maulmain..... 50 00

For Reports and Links for Jan. and March..... 182 32
Total from Philadelphia Branch.....644 71
The $50 given in May "Link" for "Jaffa," is transferred to Mt. Lebanon, for Lucy Hicks' school.
Pittsburg, "St. Andrew's Church," for Calcutta, per Episcopal Missionary Soc., N. Y.... ..... 10 00

$654 71

DELAWARE.

Newcastle, Newcastle Br., through Mrs. Sarah W. Spotswood, viz.: Mrs. A. C. Gray, 5, Miss Fannie Smith, in memory of Mrs. M B. Couper, 20, Mrs. M. C. Smith, 5, Mrs. Spotswood, 5, Miss A. Nevin, 3, Dr. and Mrs. Edwards, in memory of little "Lutie," 5, Miss Booth, 5, Mrs. Gemmill, 1, Mrs. Taggart, 1, Miss Taggart, 1, Mrs. Dr. Ferris, 1... ... . 52 00
Mrs. O. W. Cannon's collection, viz.: Mrs. Kennedy, 5, Miss Scofield, 5, Mrs. E. Janvier, 2, Mrs. H. Turner, 1, Mrs. S. Carpenter, 1, Mrs. A. Black, 1, Mrs. A. Couper, 1, Mrs. H. Gray, 1, Mrs. Dalby, 1, Mrs. S. Truss, 1, Mrs. Tetlow, 1, Mrs. S. Owens, 1, Mrs. S. Kemmy, 1, Mrs. G. Lambson, 1, Mrs. Wm. Lambson, 1, Mrs. O. W. Cannon, 1..... 25 00

$77 00

ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chicago Br., Mrs. Avery, Treas. (see items below) $85 33

KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Kentucky Br., Miss Hallie Quigley, Treas. (see items below) $143 75

MISSOURI.

St. Louis, "Young Ladies' Mission Soc." of Mary Institute, per Miss E. L. Kellogg, for child in Calcutta..... $6 00

Total from Branch Societies and Mission Bands.....$2,559 69

Other Contributions.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Worcester, per Mrs. Ward Marston... 88

CONNECTICUT.

New Brittain, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Nichols, donated from a legacy of Mrs. Cynthia S. Ely, late of Elyria, Ohio... .... 50 00
New Haven, Mrs. R. S. Fellowes.... 50 00
Miss Abby Lyman's Coll.....123 05

$223 05

Receipts *of the Philadelphia Branch from April 1st to June 1st,* 1875.

Through Mrs. R. C. Matlack: Miss Emily Page, 5, Miss S. A. Patterson, Chester Co., Pa.. 5, ditto for "Link," 50c., Miss Mary Patterson, Media, Pa., "Link," 50c., Mrs. J. Harley, "Link," 55c., Mrs. Benj. Vaughan, Cambridge, Mass., 10 ....$21 55
Through Mrs. Chas. E. Aaron: Maryville, East Tenn., "Link"..... 1 90
Through Mrs. H. A. Dillaye: Miss Estabrook, 5, ditto, "Link," 50c. 5 50
Germantown Auxiliary, collected by Mrs. J. A. Wilson, from 1st Pres. Ch.: Mrs. C. Brugin, 2, Miss S. Mansfield, 1, Mrs. Dennisson, 2, Miss Whartenby, 1, Mrs. Fondey, 1.50, Mrs. J. Henry, 5, Miss De Forest, 1, Mrs. Dunton, 5, Mrs. Westcott, 1, Mrs. Hackett, 1, Miss McNeil, 1, Mrs. E. Wilson, 1, Mrs. F. C. Henry, 1, Mrs. E. Linnard, 100. Miss M. Mansfield, 1, Mrs. J. P. Wilson, 1, Miss J. A. Wilson, 1, Mite Box, Mother's Meeting, 50c., Mrs. Dripps, 1, Mrs. Dunning, 2, Mrs. Boswell, 2, Miss E. J. Wilson, 10, Mrs. Engle, 1, Miss Mitchell, 1, Mrs. Cope, 1.....145 00
Collected by Miss A. Garrett: Misses McClain, 2, Mrs. George H. Garrett, 1, Mrs. Thos. H. Garrett, 1, Miss Mary Miller, 1, Mrs. Pullinger. 50c., Mrs. Taylor, 1, Mrs. Walker, 1, Mrs. John Garrett, 1, Miss Crayton, 1, Mrs. Graham, 1, Mrs. Capp, 2, Mrs. Pease, 1, Mrs. Royal, 1, Mrs. Henesy, 1, Mrs. Veitch. 1, Mrs. Ulmer, 1. Sunday-school of Christ Ch., through Mrs. Whitney, 12.25... ..... 29 75
Collected by Mrs. Geo. Nugent: Mrs. E. Kible, for 1874, 3, Mrs. Jacob Clark, for 1874, 2, Mrs. C. N. Robinson, for 1874-5, 4..... 9 00
Collected by Miss Rich: Mrs. Toland, Market Square Pres. Ch..... 5 00
Miss Theodosia Bayard. 5. Miss A. M. Bayard, 5, Miss L. Buchanan. 1... 11 00
Through Miss E. Clement: Mrs. S. C. Whitney, Green Bay, Wis., 10, Mrs. M. P. Clewell, 5. Miss Dora Schively, 4, Miss Anna Brooks, for Band of Comforter, 5, Maria McIlvaine Band, 6..... ..... 30 00
Total from Germantown Auxiliary. .229 73
Gathered Fragments Band, Miss E. M. Grant, Treas.; Miss Emily H.

Merrick, 2, Miss Lucy W. Merrick, 2, Miss Anna Wilson, 50c, Miss Ann Oswald, 50c., Mrs. Cummings, 50c., ditto "Link," 50c..... 6 00

Through Mrs. Thayer: Mrs. Bowie, 10, Mrs. Hockley, 10, Mrs. Thayer, 10, Misses Hockley, 5..... 35 00

Through Mrs. Mary Adams: Mrs. L. C. Shober, 10, Mrs. Ed. Y. Townsend, 5, Mrs. John Biddle, 5, Mrs. M. Adams, 3, Miss L. Kisselman, 2, Mrs. Dunton, 5, Mrs. Benj. Coates, 5, Miss Beulah Coates, 2, Mrs. E. T. Lehman, "Link," 50c. 37 50

Through Mrs. I. S. Williams: Emanuel Prot. Epis. Ch., Kensington. 25, Mrs. McCurdy, 5, Mrs. A, Getze, for 1874, 1.50, Mrs. Easto, for 1874 and 1875, 2..... [33 50

Lambertville Auxiliary, Miss M. G. Thornton, Treas.: For support of child in Mrs. Pruyn's Mission Home, Yokohama, Japan, for support of children Calcutta Orphanage, and for support of Bible-Reader in Shanghai, China.....216 00

Mrs. George Dana Boardman, annual sub. for child in Miss Haswell's school..... 50 00

Through Mrs. J. F. Page: Mrs. Washington Butcher, 5, Mrs. J. F. Page, 5..... 10 00

Camden Auxiliary, through Mrs. A. P. Hurlbut..... 56 75

Through Mrs. Dr. Breed: Mrs. Dr. Breed and family, for support of child in Miss Haswell's school... 20 00

Through Miss M. A. Longstreth: Mary Whitall, 25, Mary Cope Whitall, "Link," 50c., Gertrude B. Haffelfinger, "Link," 50c., Caroline W. Lawrence, "Link," 50c., Miss S. Wheeler, "Link," 50c., Miss Fannie Lea, for education of child in Calcutta Orphanage, 30, Miss M. A. Longstreth, for a pupil in Mrs. Bennett's school, Burmah, 25.... 82 00

$805 45

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Miss Eleanor E. B. Bergen, coll'r, viz.: Miss Ortley, 2, Miss Ostrander, 1, Mrs. Otterson, 1, Mrs. Eilers, 1, Mrs. Pruyn, 1, Mrs. Lilienthal, 2, Mrs. Ireland, 1, Miss Sarah Hulst, 1, Miss Eleanor E. B. Bergen, 1..... 11 00

Miss E. B. Ingalls, coll'r, per Mrs. S. E. Warner, Mrs. W. I. Budington, 10, Mrs. Wm. Harris, 20, Mrs. Whiton, 5, Mrs. B. F. Millard (by Mrs. Budington), 5, Mrs. Jas. Elwell, 5, Mrs. S. E. Warner, 5, Mrs. Chas. Messenger, 2, Mrs. H. M. Messenger, 1, Mrs. Henry R. Jones, 1, Mrs. H. Morey, 1, Mrs. Marsh, 2, Mrs. A. H. Dana, 1.... 58 00

Mr. Nathan Lane, per Mrs. G. C. White, for "Emma J. Lane," Smyrna..... 50 00

Ithaca, Miss J. L. Hardy, coll'r, viz.: Mrs. G. D. Beers of Pres. Church, 10, Mrs. Louisa Sumner, 10. Cash, 15..... 20 15

Newburg, Mr. Howard Wallace for Mrs. Pruyn's mission, Yokohama, Japan, towards educating a young man for the ministry, per Miss Weed..... 50 00

New York, Mrs. Anson P. Dodge, for work in India..... 5 00

Mrs. Wm. Barbour, coll'r, viz.: Mrs. H. K. Corning, 20, Mrs. Burr Wakeman, 10, Mrs. S. Downer, 5, Mrs. T. P. Eldridge, 5, Miss S. Lord, 10..... 50 00

Mrs. S. Barlow..... 3 00

Mrs. John Baird, subs..... 5 00

Mrs. Fred'k S. Wiley, for Bible-reader..... 105 00

Mrs. Daniel Parish for Mrs. Pruyn's school in Japan.....100 00

In memoriam, Mrs. W. N. Blakeman, by Miss Blakeman..... 20 00

Mrs. Wm. Spencer, per Mrs. Jacob Le Roy..... 100 00

Mr. Stewart Brown..... 100 00

Mrs. Wm. E. Churchill, coll'r, viz.: Mrs. Talcott, 10, cash, 3, Mrs. Churchill, 2..... 15 00

Mrs. J., sale of fair articles..... 3 00

Miss J. Abeel, coll'r..... 21 00

Mrs. Chas. Fanning..... 20 00

Rhinebeck, Mrs. A. P. Peeke..... 1 00

$737 15

NEW JERSEY.

New Brunswick, From the estate of Miss Hoyt, of which the interest is to be used for Bible-readers.. 300 00

Trenton. Through Mrs. H. Buttolph, Mrs. O. S. Fuller, 5, Miss Sarah Sherman, 5..... 10 00

$310 00

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, Miss Anna B. Porter, for India..... $5 79

OHIO.

Columbus, Easter contribution of the S. S. of Trinity Church, for Mrs. Pruyn's Home, Yokohama, Japan, per Rev. Rufus W. Clark.....$200 00

MISSOURI.

Columbia, Teachers and pupils of Stephens College to constitute Mrs. E. S. Dulin Life Member, per Miss S. T. Fluhart..... $50 00

Subscriptions to Missionary Link.

Mrs. Frank Wood, 2.80, Miss D. B. Robinson, 2.25, Mrs. Ashbel Welch, 5.60, Mrs. Wm. H. Neff, 3.00, Mrs. A. P. Peeke, 6.50, Mrs. Spotswood, 4.64, Miss S. T. Flu-

hart, 2, Miss J. L. Hardy, 2 24. Smaller subscriptions, 21.63, sale of pictures for Pension Fund 50c. 51 16

Total other contributions..... $1,578 03

Total from Branch Societies and Mission Bands..... 2,559 69

Total from April 1st to June 1st, 1875.....$4,137 72

Receipts *of the Boston Branch.*

Through Mrs. S. D. Warren, for the support of an orphan child: Mrs. Claflin, 10, Mrs. E. B. Bates, 5, Mrs. Stimson, 5, Mrs. Crehore, 2, Mrs. Clarke, 2, Mrs. G. W. Warren, 2, Mrs. Merriam, 2, Mrs. Mellen, 2, Mrs. J. C. Tyler, 2, Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, 5, Mrs. Erskine, 5, Mrs. S. D. Warren, 20..... 62 00

Mrs. J. D. Richardson, collection, of which 50 is to make Mrs. M. Mitchell Life Member. Links, 4.50.. 74 65

Collection from St. Paul's Church for the support of Miss Brittan, through Miss E. B. Barrett: Mrs. Geo. Howe, 25, Mrs. K. Gibson, 2, Mrs. F. A. Bertody, 1, Mrs. J. S. Warren, 10, Mrs. Geo. Howe, 5, Mrs. T. F. Nutter, 5, Mrs. E. H. Sampson, 5, Mrs. Geo. Appleton, 5, Miss Sarah Daniell, 5, Mrs. Thos. Mack, 5, Miss H. Browne, 5, Miss M. B. Haskell, 5, Mrs. A. Cheny, 3, Mrs. G. W. Gordon, 3, Miss Helen Gordon, 3, Miss Bessie Tappan, 3, Mrs. Butts, 3, Miss M. Carter, 2, Mrs. M. F. Fowler, 2, Miss M. R. Willis, 2, Miss S. M. Perkins, 2, Mrs. A. M. Kelt, 2, Miss E. B. Barrett, 2, Miss G. H. Haskell, 1, Mrs. James M. Bebee, 39. Links, 4.....141 00

Through Mrs. T. K. Cummins: Mrs. Welles, 10, Mrs. R. Sturgis, 10, Miss Bell, 10, Mrs. Edward Codman, 5, Miss Everett, 5, Mrs. Taylor, 5, Miss Taylor, 5, Mrs. Harvey, 5, Miss Solcy, 5, A donation for Miss Lizzie Marston, 5, Mrs. Cummins, 3 Mrs. C. Page, 1..... 69 00

Through Mrs. Wm. Appleton: Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe, 25..... ..... 25 00

Mrs. H. Safford for Link..... 56

Mrs. S. J. M. Homer..... 20 00

Mrs. Sanford Adams..... 1 60

Dorchester and Roxbury Aux. for Links..... 1 06

Miss H. B. Chickering, sub. and Link 2 00

Miss L. E. Chickering, sub..... 3 00

Postage, through Mrs. Bishop 10

Mrs. S. E. Temple, Links..... 1 00

Mrs. H. D. Osgood 1 00

$401 97

Less expenses..... ..... 8 10

$393 87

MARIA N. JOHNSON, *Treas.*

Receipts *of the Kentucky Branch.*

"Alice Lafon Memorial," per Miss Lafon, Jessamine Co., for "Widow's Home," Calcutta..... 20 00

Perryville, Mrs. L. Dimmitt, 1, Mrs. E. Turpin, 1, Mrs. J. Camp, 1, Mrs. E. Mitchell, 1, Mrs. J. M. Crawford, 1, Clarence Crawford, 25c, George Dimmitt, 25c..... 5 50

"Emily Ringgold Memorial," per Mrs. Rhorer, Pewee Valley, to support Saiki..... 33 00

"Kentucky College Band," per Patty Quigley, Pewee Valley..... 20 00

Mrs. E. J. L. Anderson, for Miss Brittan..... 2 00

"Matilda Martin Memorial," per Miss Alice Armstrong, Pewee Valley.. 20 00

"Alexander Henry Memorial," per Miss Lizzie Speed..... 21 00

"Bethany Band," per Mrs. S. C. Peebles, Pewee Valley..... 20 00

Links..... 2 25

$143 75

MISS HALLIE QUIGLEY, *Treas.*

Receipts *of the Chicago Branch.*

Mrs. Gen. Stager, quarterly payment for support of a Bible-reader in Calcutta 20 00

A Friend for the half yearly support of "Mary Grant" in the Calcutta Orphange 35 00

Mrs. Reed..... 10 00

Mrs. Raymond, per Mrs. Stager..... 1 00

Mrs. Edward Hempstead..... 3 00

Mrs. C. Noble, per Mrs. Bonton..... 5 00

Mrs. Wm. Curtis, Rockford..... 5 00

Sales of Kardoo 1 50

Links and postage..... 4 83

$85 33

MRS. O. F. AVERY, *Treas.*

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